Dave Robinson's Awakening

A VALENTINE STORY.

"WHAT there's a mighty queer window to take your fancy, Sam." And the speaker, a tall, broad-shouldered farmer, gave a hearty laugh as Sam Scott, his neighbor, turned quickly around, with an embarrassed smile on his good-looking, sun-burned face.

"Why—you know, Dave—it's Valentine's day," he began, hesitatingly.

"Don't know nothin' of the kind," broke in his friend.

"Well, you know it now, old fellow, and I'm lookin' for some little fixin' to take Milly for a valentine. We began that way, you see, when we was first married—keepin' anniversary days, by me a buyin' her a keepsake. It pleases her, and don't hurt me. You know how women like to be remembered by their husbands. There's some ribbon in this window that'll just suit Milly to a dot. I'm going in to get it. See you later, Dave," and Sam Scott went into the store, leaving his friend staring after him with perplexity written in every line of his face.

"You know how women like to be remembered by their husbands."

Sam was wrong; he didn't know. The words haunted him—haunted him all day. Went with him to the various places where he had business to transact; kept him company at the restaurant when he ate his dinner. Much to his surprise (and annoyance), he found himself doing some thinking in an entirely new line.

As far as he could remember—and his memory was excellent—he had never bought a present for Susan. Of

"There, now! What do you think of that for a bonnet?"

course, she had the egg and butter money every week; but it suddenly occurred to him that it was generally spent for the house and the children.

"Susan's as good-looking a woman as you'll find," he thought. "She'd look a heap better than Sam's Milly if she was a leetle more fixy. I'm as able as Sam Scott to give my wife 'keepsakes,' as he calls 'em. I wonder what on earth she'd think if I took her by surprise to-night? I swan, I'd like to try it, but I don't want to look foolish. I'll go and see about that cultivator I've got to buy, and put Sam Scott's notions out of my head."

But that was easier said than done. "Sam Scott's notions" had evidently come to stay, and late in the day, much to his own disgust, Dave Robinson found himself actually stopping before shop windows, in which were displayed the "fixin's" that women like. Suddenly he drew up before a milliner's shop. "I've got it!" he exclaimed out loud, regardless of the amused looks of several passers-by. "I'll buy Susan a bonnet!" and wonderfully pleased with his happy idea, he went bashfully into the shop. He had never been in such a place before, and it was a terrible ordeal. He felt like the proverbial bull in a china shop. But he wasn't going to back out now, and went bravely up to the counter and stated his errand.

"A bonnet for your wife? Oh, yes. I think we can suit you," said the pretty young lady, with a smile. "What style is she? I mean, what color are her hair and eyes?" as poor Dave appeared helplessly dazed.

"Why—why she's got light hair, rather on the reddish order, and her eyes are blue," he stammered. As he spoke, he seemed to see Susan as she looked when he married her. Her hair was so fluffy and curly, and her eyes such a pretty, innocent blue. He hadn't thought of it for years; he had been too busy.

"Well, then," said the little milliner, "I feel sure this bonnet will be becoming to your wife. Blue is its prevailing color, and this particular shade goes nicely with such hair and eyes. Don't you think so, sir?"

Poor Dave was completely out of his depth, but he answered bravely that he agreed with her, and would take the bonnet, which the milliner had really chosen with great discrimination. The price startled him considerably, but he wasn't going to say so. "I've just paid a good round sum for that cultivator, and I won't kick at this."

He carefully placed the bonnet-box under the wagon seat as he rode home that night. To tell the truth, he exceedingly dreaded the presentation. Susan wasn't accustomed to this sort of thing, like Sam's wife, and he didn't know how she'd take it. But in spite of these forebodings, there was a pleasurable excitement in the unusual sensation that he was taking home a present to his wife. "A valentine," he said, chuckling. (He pronounced it volentine, but what's the difference?)

He didn't produce the bonnet as soon as he got home. He waited till after supper when the chores were all done. Then he sat down by the table and began to read the weekly paper he had brought out.

But the reading was a failure, and he sat and watched his wife over the paper till she said: "What in creation's the matter with you to-night, Dave Robinson? Is there anything wrong with my looks? You've been a starin' at me like all possessed."

Dave gave an embarrassed laugh and retired behind the paper again.

Suddenly he spoke: "Did you know it's Valentine's day, Susan?"

"Bless the man, does he think I'd be apt to remember Valentine's day, with all I've got to think of? I b'lieve, though, I did hear the children a-talkin' about it. Whatever put it in your head, Dave?"

"Oh, heard about it down-town, and, Susan—Susan—I met Sam Scott to-day and—and he was a-buyin' a present for Milly and callin' it a valentine. It struck me 'twas a pretty nice idee, and as I'm as able any day to buy my wife a present as he is, why—I bought—you—this bonnet!"

And here he produced the box.

"Open it, Susan. Why don't you open it? Here, give it to me," for the poor woman's hands were shaking so that she couldn't untie the string. "There, now! What do you think of that for a bonnet?"

Susan had found enough voice now to say: "Why, Dave! Why, Dave Robinson!" over and over. But she was pleased; it was easy to see that. "You oughtn't to have done it," she said, as she held the pretty bonnet on one hand, and turned it round and round carefully. "It's too good for me, Dave, and I expect it cost a heap."

"Never mind what it cost," answered her husband, heartily. "Put it on, Susan, and let's see if it becomes you. By George, that milliner woman just hit it. It suits you to a dot. You look ten years younger."

And truly she did. But I think something besides the bonnet brought that pretty flush to her cheek, and brightness to her eyes.

Happiness is a wonderful rejuvenator, and "women like to be remembered by their husbands."

Susan turned away from the little looking-glass and tenderly placed the bonnet in its box. "I'll fix my hair a little different when I wear it—more like I used to," she said. And then, going over to Dave, who was pretending to read his paper, she timidly—very timidly, for they were not a demonstrative couple—kissed the little bald spot on his head.

"Thank you, Dave, for remembering me," she said softly; and her husband had his reward.

If he had told his thoughts, which were supposed to be on the paper, they would have been as follows: "Let's see, what's the next anniversary day? Oh, yes, it's Easter. Well, she shall have another keepsake then."—Ladies' World, New York.

Tight Money.

B. Gruff—Get the check you expected?

A. Bluff—No; another one. Governor said if I don't spend less I must come home.—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

DELUSION ABOUT REPUBLICANS

Republican History Shows That the Party Was Never a Party of Changes.

The Louisville Courier Journal, in an attack on the republicans, falls into a common but inexcusable error, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. After saying that the first republican party in the United States was that now called the democratic, it declares: "The republican party organized in 1854 took the cast-off name of the democrats, but it was not then a conservative party; quite the reverse. The democrats had been in power for half a century, with brief intervals, and were the conservative party."

No radical change was asked by the republican party of 1854. In adopting the name of Jefferson's old party, it also adopted Jefferson's old creed. Jefferson tried in the congress of the confederation to have slavery shut out of all the territories of the United States after the year 1800. This affected slavery below the Ohio river as well as above it. In this respect, Jefferson's proposition differed from the act passed by congress three years later, the ordinance of 1787, which prohibited immediately the further introduction of slavery into the region north of the Ohio. It was one of Jefferson's griefs to his dying day that his anti-slavery proposition of 1784 failed to pass.

The republican party of 1854 adopted the Jefferson theory as to slavery, and aimed to shut it out of the territories. The republicans were the conservatives and the democrats were the radicals in that crisis. The democrats of 1850-61—the southern section of them—demanded that slavery should be admitted into all the territories, thus assailing Jefferson's doctrine, and submitting for it a doctrine invented by Calhoun, Rhett and others in 1847. That Calhoun doctrine, when Benton and most of the old Jacksonian element of the democracy fought, was a new departure for that party, and led it into trouble not only with the republicans, but with the Douglas men in its own camp. When the Courier-Journal looks over the field a little more carefully it will discover that the republicans of 1854-61 stood on ancient democratic ground in advocating the saving of the territories for freedom, and that the democratic degenerates who abandoned that position assailed a belief which was specially dear to the founder of their party.

AN EXAMPLE THAT TELLS.

Good Work of Gov. Taft in Establishing Civil Government in the Philippines.

Gov. Taft, of the Philippines, has set before the American people a splendid example of self-sacrificing devotion to patriotic service. It has been his ambition to gain the honor of a seat upon the bench of the United States supreme court. He had been informed that an appointment would be his if he desired it. It was generally expected that he would make known his readiness to accept it. There was upon him no obligation to restrain him. He had done his full duty in the Philippines. He had so far progressed the work of establishing civil government in the archipelago that he could have safely left its continuance to his successor. No just criticism could have been directed against him if he had exercised his privilege to come home and receive the honor which was the goal of his ambition, says the Albany Journal.

But when, as soon as it became known that his departure was probable there came from the people for whose good he has labored so earnestly and well, a unanimous and urgent request that he remain, which found its most emphatic expression in the public demonstration at Manila a few days ago, to which reference was made in these columns, Judge Taft set aside his personal interests and desires, and decided to renounce the new honor that was held out to him, and to continue to devote himself to the uplifting of the Filipinos and the development of their country.

The people of the archipelago and the people of the United States alike owe him a debt of gratitude which neither can ever fully repay. Being so well beloved where he is, he better than any other, though that other were as able as he, and as willing, can successfully continue the beneficent work for the Filipinos, and his activity will benefit not only them but the United States as well. A few more years of such work as he has done will leave the Philippine problem a mere memory. There will be orderly government and prosperity throughout the archipelago and there will prevail among all its inhabitants a realizing sense of the fact that this government means to do well by them for all time.

☞There is no immediate danger of the adoption of a constitutional amendment, as proposed by a democratic member of congress from Indiana, limiting private fortunes to ten millions of dollars. Therefore, the millionaires need not worry.—Cleveland Leader.

THE RECIPROCITY RECORD.

Goes Hand in Hand with the True American Policy of Protection.

The well meaning but misguided gentlemen who are now somewhat shrilly inveighing against reciprocity as contrary to true republicanism and to true American policy, would do well to look up the record, says the New York Tribune.

James Gillespie Blaine was, we believe, generally regarded as a particularly robust and aggressive American. He was regarded by the republican party as a good enough republican to be its presidential candidate and one of its very foremost leaders for many years. He was regarded as so sound a protectionist as to be looked to, by common consent, as the one great protagonist of protection against Grover Cleveland's free trade propaganda. Yet Blaine was the chief founder and advocate of the policy of reciprocity, and it was owing principally to his influence and exertions that reciprocity provisions were annexed to the McKinley tariff law of 1890, under which reciprocal trade relations were established with no fewer than ten countries, to our great gain.

The republican national platform of 1890, referring to that feature of the McKinley bill, said: "We point to the success of the republican policy of reciprocity." Under democratic rule, by means of the unhappy Wilson tariff bill, reciprocity was abolished, with lamentable results. Referring to that fact, the next republican national platform, in 1896, declared: "We believe the repeal of the reciprocity arrangements negotiated by the last republican administration was a national calamity, and we demand their renewal and extension.

"Protection and reciprocity are twin measures of republican policy and go hand in hand."

Again, in 1900, the republican national platform, after speaking of protection, said: "We favor the associated policy of reciprocity."

William McKinley was regarded as one of the foremost protectionists of his time, and as a good enough republican for that party to elect twice to the presidency of the United States. In his last public utterance he said: "Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now so firmly established. . . . Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times."

We are inclined to think that Blaine, McKinley and the last three republican national conventions were about as good authorities on "true republicanism" and "true Americanism" as any that can now be found.

SOAP AND THE PRESIDENCY.

Democrat's Scheme for Helping His Party Win the Next National Campaign.

Soap, if rightly applied, has often proved an available lubricator of political machines. Years ago it was charged that soap had been introduced into a campaign in Indiana, but it remained for Mayor John Hinkle, of Columbus, to propose a scheme by which the democratic party could be helped with soap to win the next national campaign, says the Cleveland Leader.

The mayor has, it is said, made an offer which will give the democrats a campaign fund for 1904. He will give the party a share of the proceeds of the sale of soap in the manufacture of which he is doubtless interested. He will do the marketing himself, and for every gross of bars sold he will contribute $1.20 to the democratic fund. The only condition is that the fund, when created, shall be used for the election of a president in favor of the public ownership of public utilities, equal taxation for all and special privileges for none, who is opposed to monarchies and empires and against wars of extermination, whether in South African or elsewhere.

Of course, it is not stipulated that the democrats shall use the soap themselves or compel other people to use it; they have nothing to do but take their share of the proceeds and incidentally, of course, to say a good word for the soap that is to grease the ways to the white house for a democratic president. But why not make Hinkle the democratic candidate, if Tom Johnson will permit it? With "Hinkle, soap and suds," the party could hardly fail to win. Great is democratic statesmanship in these early days of the twentieth century.

☞The Gorman-Wilson tariff, a piece of legislation belonging to the period when democrats controlled all branches of the government, placed a duty of 40 cents a ton on coal. According to Senator Vest, five democratic senators forced this concession from their democratic colleagues by threats of defeating the bill. What a funny free trade party.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

☞There is now a disposition to deny to the president the support of the south in the next presidential convention. Probably Mr. Roosevelt is satisfied he can get along without that support.—Cleveland Leader.

TERRIBLE PLUNGE TO DEATH.

Baritone William L. L. Paull of the Castle Square Opera Co., a Victim of Accident or Suicide.

St. Louis, Feb. 6.—William L. L. Paull, for three years baritone of the Castle Square opera company, fell or jumped out of a sixth story window, on the Fourth street side of the Southern hotel, at 1:10 o'clock Thursday afternoon.

He was picked up and carried into the baggage room of the hotel. He was unconscious. A physician found that his skull was fractured, his arm was broken and he had internal injuries.

He died in the baggage room at two o'clock without having regained consciousness.

Several Saw the Accident.

Several persons saw the plunge, but the police found only one eye-witness. The window of room 446, which Mr. and Mrs. Paull occupied, is on the sixth floor almost over the Fourth street entrance of the hotel.

The sill of the window is as high as the knees of a man of Paull's stature and from three to three and a half wide, made so in order to avert such a thing as an accidental fall from one of them.

With the lower sash raised as high as it would go, a man of Mr. Paull's height could not have fallen out without first stooping and leaning out. The window lacked four inches of being raised as far as it would go. The opening was not large enough to admit of him leaning over the sill except in a position that would throw his weight on the sill and make it improbable that if he became dizzy his body would gain momentum enough to carry it over the ledge.

The body in descending struck a telegraph wire and bounded from that and struck a horse attached to a one-horse express wagon which was standing at the curb. The horse was staggered. Paull's body struck the shaft of the wagon and broke the harness on that side. The body rebounded from the horse to the sidewalk.

An Eyewitness' Account.

Paul Doulap, a 14-year-old boy, says he saw the fall, and tells the following:

"I was coming up town on the east side of Fourth street, and when nearly opposite the hotel I started across the street. I looked at the building, and just as I did I saw a man jump from a window on the top floor. He turned over, hit a wire on his back, then turned halfway over again, struck a horse with his side and bounded off onto the pavement. I ran over to the pavement, but before I got there he had been picked up and carried into the hotel."

No reason has yet developed why Paull should have attempted suicide.

WILL END THE DEADLOCK.

J. Edward Addicks Withdraws From the United States Senatorial Contest in Delaware.

Dover, Del., Feb. 6.—The sudden announcement Thursday afternoon that J. Edward Addicks had withdrawn from the candidacy for United States senator, which he has urged so persistently since 1895, created an immense sensation.

The belief is general that the refusal of the United States senate to confirm United States District Attorney Wm. M. Byrne had the effect of bringing about Mr. Addicks' withdrawal.

Mr. Addicks arrived here from Wilmington about one o'clock, going direct to the capitol. He was ushered into the parlor of the statehouse where all of the 21 union republican members of the legislature were assembled to meet him, together with Secretary of State Layton, and Insurance Commissioner Marshall. The assemblymen received Mr. Addicks with cheers, and he appeared deeply moved by the heartiness of the greeting.

After the doors had been closed those outside heard frequent bursts of applause, and the rumor became general around the capital that Mr. Addicks was about to withdraw from the most remarkable political fight in the history of this country, a fight which has deadlocked three sessions of the legislature and split the republican party into factions. This rumor was confirmed soon after two o'clock, when the caucus adjourned.

CARACAS IN DIRE DISTRESS.

Yellow Fever and Typhus Doing Deadly Work Owing to Starvation Among the People.

New York, Feb. 6.—Caracas is in great distress as the result of the existing conditions, says the correspondent there of the Herald. While yellow fever and typhus prevail, they are not in epidemic form, and the alarming mortality, which, in January, was 45 per 1,000, is due to starvation, which induces the disease. No city in the world, adds the correspondent, shows an approximation to such conditions except when ravaged by the plague.